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[Appendix. ...]

Miseries of England,

II. 1702.

From the

Growing P O W E R

Of her

DOMESTICK Enemies.

A.

P O E M.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year, 1702.

514.



THE
Miseries of England,

From the
Growing P O W E R
Of her

DOMESTICK Enemies.

ALBION disclose thy drowsy Eyes, and see
The Bondage that surrounds thy Liberty ;
Put on thy mourning Weeds, prepare to groan
Beneath that Fate thy Foes are hurry'ng on :
Thou hast not only those Abroad to fear,
But worse at Home that Favour's Badges wear,
Who fond of Honours lurk beneath the Throne,
And sacrifice thy Welfare to their own,
They envy Monarchy, thy Church they hate,
And are but flatt'ring Sycophants of State,
Who widen Discords, and Dissentions breed,
Yet are, by Querks, from common Justice freed,

A 2

Upheld

Upheld by Brethren partial to their Cause,
 T' abuse the Kingdom, and defy the Laws;
 Rais'd for some secret Services in State,
 From narrow Fortunes to be vastly great:
 These for new Wars may well express their hast,
 Who thrive so strangely in the fruitless Last,
 And mercenary like delight in Broils,
 To fill their Coffers with the Kingdoms Spoils.
 So those that live on Wrecks calm Weather hate,
 Because they gain most when the Storm is great.
 Nations in trouble like to Ships distress'd,
 Often by those that help them are oppress'd.
 States-men, like Salvages, the Publick save,
 And for small Service great Rewards will have.

Those who with Hands unbrib'd, and Hearts sincere,
 Twixt Prince and People in a Medium steer,
 Preserve that Ballance which supports the State,
 And makes the People safe, and Monarch Great;
 Such worthy Patriots merit our Esteem,
 And shine like Jems about the Diadem,
 Enjoying what they equally approve,
 Their Prince's Favour, and their Country's Love.

But those aspiring Minions who extend,
 Their Master's Pow'r to serve their own by-End,

Beyond

Beyond those Fences which the Laws have made,
 That neither Part should t'other's Rights invade;
 Confounds that Concord in the Soul of Pow'r,
 That makes the whole harmoniously secure,
 Filling each Subject's heart with discontent,
 Weakening the pow'rful frame of Government,
 By straining all its Springs beyond their due extent. }
 So th' active Man too prodigal of Strength,
 Exerts his strenuous Sinews, till at length
 Aiming to show some wonderful Exploit,
 Amazing to the fond Spectators sight,
 He breaks in the Attempt some Nerve within,
 And lamely leaves unfinish'd his Design;
 Thus strains himself beyond just Nature's Laws,
 And gains Contempt instead of vain Applause.
 So fare ambitious Ministers of State,
 Who stretch their Pow'r to be unjustly Great.

Some from Obscurity start up on high,
 And are made Great for none knows What, or Why.
 To ill Compliance brib'd with golden Baits,
 Glean from the Publick Treasure large Estates,
 And for dark Strategems perform'd by stealth,
 Glut their Base Av'rice with the Nation's Wealth.
 These are reserv'd to pacify the Rage,
 Of injur'd People in a prying Age,

B

And

And must when fullen Times require, atone
 For other's Ills as tamely, as their own,
 And with their Sanative destruction heal,
 The painful Wounds the angry Publick feel.

Others born Great, more wary, and more wise,
 Bulky in Wealth, and subtle in Advice,
 Run with the Crown for Honour and for Gold,
 But yet for Safety with their Country hold ;
 Betwixt 'em both their own by-Ends pursue,
 By both much Trusted, but to neither true;
 From Post to Post they unsuspected Slide,
 And in one Station never long reside,
 But in due season to Oblige the State,
 Make way for Favourites of a Later Date,
 Some forward Tools who hasty to aspire,
 Will yeild to all their Monarch can desire ;
 And for unlawful Deeds obscurely done,
 Are quickly Rais'd, and oft despis'd as soon,
 Whilst those more cunning shift from Place to Place,
 And still Steer clear of Danger and Disgrace :
 Yet Glean and Plunder safely as they move,
 And raise their Minions thro' Design not Love,
 Who stand as Skreens that interrupt the Light,
 To hide their Patron's Ills from Human sight,

And

Labouring where e'er they come to bellow forth,
My Lords great Honour, Honesty and Worth;
What mighty things forth' Publick he has done,
What Universal Love his Deeds have won:
Whilst those that try my Worthy Patriot find,
He's Courtier true all *Words*, and those but *Wind*.

Such Lords as these the hud-wink'd Nation Fleece,
As if the People were their Sheep or Geese,
And they the Foxes that the Flocks betray,
Making th' unthinking Innocents their Prey.
These are the Men the Common-wealth abuse,
Plunder its Treasure, and their Pow'r misuse,
To private ends pervert their Publick Trust,
And for base Bribes submit to things unjust:
By *their* vast Fortunes we are Debtors made,
Of Sums too mighty to be Nam'd or Paid,
Whose growing Int'rest does so fast accrue,
The Nation scarce can raise it when its due.
By what strange Measures must we then prepare,
New Sinews for a fresh more vig'rous War:
Since Debts we owe are too profusely large,
Without the People's Murmurs to discharge;
Besides if we project no wiser ways,
T'apply and Husband what the Publick raise,

How

How should old Debts be otherwise than due,
 Since ev'ry Tax we raise begets a *New*.

What Man, who with the Eye of Reason sees,
 Can justify Enormities like these?
 Or what blind partial Ideot can plead,
 That such Mitconducts no Inspection need?
 What Tool, but him, who does his Country hate,
 Would labour to such Faults extenuate?
 Or strenuously oppose what's clear as Light,
 To make such dark Intrigues of State look white,
 What close Clandestine service can atone,
 For Ills like these to the whole Publick done?
 Or who but Guilty Favourites make delays,
 Of Common Justice by uncomcom *Ways*.
 Whose very Friends their Crimes with horror see,
 Thro' the dim Glass of Partialitie:
 Tho' Pleas'd and Proud their Leaders are so great,
 And busy Actors on the stage of State,
 Yet the whole Faction some concern must feel,
 To see full Sharers play their Parts so ill,
 Having no more in their behalfs to say,
 But only Plead th' advantage of delay,
 Believing they have manag'd Things awry,
 And done what Justice cannot justify,

Objecting

Objecting that alone the great Affair,
 Relating to the New impending War,
 Does at this Juncture just precedence claim,
 And ought to be the Senates only aim;
 Whilst such small Trifles unredress'd should ly,
 Or be at least defer'd till by and by,
 And all such petty Faults neglected be,
 Till some more proper Opportunitie.

Wholsom Advice, and wisely urg'd by those,
 Who side for Interest with Domestick Foes,
 And Fright'ning us with Forreign Ills to come,
 Would fain encourage those we find at Home:
 Shame on forbearance, shall the Common-weal,
 Endure with Patience, Mischiefs that they feel,
 And Arm against those Ills we only fear,
 Neglecting present Wrongs the Publick bear.
 If Men in Trust shall sink the Nation's Aid,
 And common Justice by a Trick evade:
 If such a Latitude as this we give,
 How can our Arms succeed, or Nation thrive.
 What is't that made our Funds defficient prove,
 And caus'd those Debts we cannot yet remove?
 What is't of late prevented our success,
 And made *France* greater, and old *England* less?

C

Why

§ 22 .

Why is the payment of the Fleet delay'd,
 And why the Transport service yet unpay'd?
 Why is the Army in such large Arrears,
 That serv'd us in the late successless Wars;
 Who rais'd Estates miraculously soon,
 And left these National Concerns undone:
 Why not those Persons from their Posts remov'd
 By the last Senate blam'd, and disapprov'd?
 And Why not, if known Guilty of a Fau't,
 Without delay to common Justice brought?
 Neglect of such misguidance in the State,
 Brought *Rome* to ruin which was once so great;
 Her publick Treasure being misapply'd,
 Forc'd her to stoop to those she once defy'd.
 If such Abuses are excus'd so long
 Till common practice Justifies the Wrong;
 That Careless Nation does it self betray,
 Laying a Ground-work for its own decay.
 And like the *Pellican* expends its Blood,
 To fledge a Greedy, Worthless, callow Brood:
 Yet from some partial Pen-men have we heard,
 Errours so small deserve not our regard;
 Or else that we such Trifles should defer,
 To be the last dull Siftings of our Care.

In the late Wars they cannot but allow,
 That *France* was nothing near so strong as now,
 The Fatal Union which so much we dread,
 Tho' long ago foreseen was then unmade,
 And Wealthy *England* when the War began,
 More Rich in Coin, and numerous in Men,
 With Voice United cry'd, *To Arms, To Arms,*
 And every Pulse beat nothing but Alarms;
 The People's Hearts and Purfes open lay,
 Some fond to *fight* and others free to *pay*;
 The forward Rabble needed no decoy,
 But freely *enter'd*, and *embark'd* with joy;
 Each tipling Hero o'er his Belch would swear,
 He'd have a Vineyard of his own next Year,
 And doubted not but to so far advance,
 That in a cup of Soldier's Cordial *Nants*,
 He'd drink a Health to *England* in the midst of *France*.
 Strong foresight of Success the Nation fed,
 And mighty hopes the Common-People led;
 The Kingdom Rich, and ev'ry Native free
 To hazard all to Curb *French* Tyrannie.
 Thus wanting neither Money Men nor Will,
 The faithless *French* to Conquer, or to Kill,
 But all things made a kind auspicious show,
 And look'd more fortunate by much than now,

Threat'ning our miscall'd Cow'rdly Enemy,
 With sad Destruction both by Land and Sea:
 What then obstructed the Designs we laid,
 That our great hopes no better Issue had?
 What hinder'd us we humbled not our Foes,
 Nor then effected what we now propose?
 When the whole Kingdom Richer was by far,
 And ev'ry Genius well inclin'd to War.

What then obstructed our desir'd Success,
 But some Misconducts we may now redress?
 What made our long expensive Wars prove vain,
 And leave us worse than if they'd ne'er began?
 What made us give the *Gallick* Tyrant Breath,
 To gain his ends by *Ferdinando's* Death?
 Thus by a Peace mistim'd we sooth'd our Fate,
 And made th' aspiring Foe just twice as Great.
 What made our Taxes, tho' profusely Large,
 Always too slender to support the Charge?

Such Worthless Numbers gleaning from our Funds,
 Private Rewards the Publick Int'rest Wounds.
 Some Climb to Posts of Profit misbestow'd,
 And, hasty to be Great, grow Rich by Fraud:
 Others by begging private Boons and Grants,
 Swallow what should releive the Nacion's Wants.

Thus

Thus from small Merits make a VVondrous rise,
 And become huge State-Monsters in a Trice:
 Hatch'd up and fledg'd beneath a bountious Throne,
 From Callow Wrens to mighty Eagles grown,
 Having no Herald their Deserts to prove,
 But the large Badges of Imperial Love.
 Such Men as these the Nations VVealth ingross,
 Gaining vast Riches by the Kingdoms Loss.

And shall we now a VVar like Madmen make,
 With these Domestick Dangers at our Back?
 Shall mercenary Tools in Trust remain,
 To Cheat the Kingdom o'er and o'er again?
 Must we run Headlong to a Dubious VVar,
 To make Rich Minions, and our Country Poor?
 And ne'er look back on these Enormities
 That caus'd our Debts, and our Deficiencies?
 Which did our Arms Obstruct, our Measures break
 When we were stronger, and our Foes more weak?
 Pray what success can we in VVar expect,
 If we those Ills as frivolous reject,
 Which stain'd our Conduct, and our Arms disgrac'd,
 By rend'ring us successless in the last?

D

Our

One cause of these did our late Ends prevent,
 Our Foes great Strength, or our Mismanagement:
 If our Misconduct, we should then take care
 To mend our Faults before we make the VVar;
 Remove those selfish mercenary Props
 That stop'd our Speed, and mar'd our mighty hopes,
 Or when our Swords shall for the Laurel strive,
 What prospect can unbias'd Reason give,
 That *England* with her Arms shall now do more,
 And finish what she left undone before.
 No, we must first those Obstacles remove,
 That made our late long Contest fruitless prove.

If our Foes strength Superiour was to ours,
 And stem'd the Force of our United Pow'rs;
 And we too feeble for our great Design,
 When we abounded most in Men and Coin;
 And *France*, as 'tis beleiv'd, now stronger grown
 By its late Union with the *Spanish* Throne;
 'Tis then high time our Fury should abate,
 For no success on our Attempts can wait,
 Except kind Providence proves our Confederate.

The Coffee-house Politician, grave and wise,
To this Objects, and warmly thus replys,
What if the *French* by *Spain* are stronger made,
We're still superior by the *German* Aid!
And if but *England* with a gen'rous Heart,
Would at one push her utmost strength exert,
We might o'er *France* be Conquerors with ease,
And make the Tyrant truckle as we please.

But should the Nation this Advice receive,
And yeild the utmost she at once could give,
Yet not accomplish what we now project,
And humble *France* so soon as we expect,
But further Strength, and more Supplies shall need,
Than we can raise t' effect the Glorious Deed;
What Mis'ries must our vain Attempts attend,
If Fortune Crown not with success the end?
Into what Slav'ry must the Nation fall,
If to no purpose we should spend our All?
Contempt and Poverty we then should find,
Instead of Spoils and Trophies we design'd.
Then our long Contest for a time must cease,
And fruitless end in an Inglorious Peace.

Who

VWho first wants Money, first must sheath their Swords,
 For VVar no *Forma Pauperis* affords:
 Therefore let's think of Means e'er we proceed
 To raise Supplies so great a VVar must need.

One pow'rful Party has declar'd for Arms,
 And ev'ry Factious Pamphlet sounds Alarms:
 But above all, they show the greatest hast,
 VWho by foul Dealings prosper'd in the last,
 And would involve us headlong in a VVar,
 To thrive by Crimes which yet unpunish'd are;
 VWho furnish'd *France* in the late VVars with Lead
 For Ball, to Knock our Army on the Head:
 Thus rais'd vast Riches by such Ills as these,
 And dealt unpunish'd with our Enemies.
 These are the VVolves who so impatient are,
 And such a hideous howling keep for VVar;
 Stretching their noisic Throats where e'er they run,
 Crying Arm, Arm, or *England* thou'rt undone.

Thus a Necessity they strongly plead,
 To break that Peace so lately we agreed;

Which

Which if delay'd had strengthen'd our Allies,
 Show'd *France* less Pow'rful, and our selves more Wise.
 By Arms prevented what without prevail'd,
 And stop'd that War for Ages now intail'd.
Europe has long her Observation made,
 Of what Designs her prosp'rous Foe has laid:
 Our present State might eas'ly be foreseen,
 And by right measures might have hindred been,
 The fatal Union should have prov'd but weak,
 Which now requires a vigorous War to break.

But since our Foes to such a height are grown,
 From our Neglect, or Conduct of their own;
 No matter which or whether made thus great,
 By Chance, Industry, or Decree of Fate:
 Yet from the Danger of their Pride and Pow'r
 We're farthest off, and stand the most secure;
 And therefore should be careful how we run
 Rashly to meet those Mischiefs we may shun;
 But with due Patience and Discretion wait
 Till our Rich Neighbours, more expos'd to Fate,
 Shall crave our Aid, to free them from their Fears,
 On the same Terms they lately gave us theirs:

E

We

Which

VVe were the Suffrers, they Advantage made,
 And little less than all the Charge we paid,
 Besides a liberal Present for their useless Aid.
 VVhich in their Bank, Rich as an *Indian* Mine,
 Lyes Bag'd and Bury'd Close in *English* Coin.

England be wise, and make thy self amends,
 Return the costly Favours of thy Friends,
 Let now thy Justice to thy self be seen,
 And be as kind as they to us have been;
 Neither be aw'd, or yet by flatt'ries drawn
 Tho' our Foes Threaten, and our Neighbours fawn,
 To call a distant Evil on our Heads,
 And take upon our selves what *Holland* dreads;
 But make the Charge e'er we the War begin,
 Just equal to the Danger we are in;
 And if assist our Friends with further Aid
 To be allow'd, and that Expence repaid;
 For why should we that have least cause to fear,
 Defend a Neighbour whom the Danger's near,
 And we endure the Toil, and pay the Cost,
 When they, without our Help, must needs be lost.

First pay our Debts, and we shall see how far,
 We're able to maintain a vig'rous War,
 And ev'ry fatal Obstacle remove,
 That made our Taxes so defficient prove;
 Or we shall toil beneath a tiresom weight,
 And but with half our *English* Courage fight.
 Like Tinkers Dogs with Budgets on their Backs,
 Or Carriers Horses laden with their Packs.
 Oppressions unforeseen we soon shall feel,
 And with hard Dealers we shall hardly Deal:
 Weary of War repent our lavish'd Pounds,
 And Court Balsamick Peace to heal our Wounds.

But since such Motives of a speedy War,
 On ev'ry side engagingly appear,
 That as our fierce impatient Heroes say,
 Both Shame and Danger must attend delay;
 Our Forward Nation no Expence must Grutch,
 To save our wiser kind Allies the *Dutch*;
 And next revenge the great Dishonour done,
 By the *French* Tyrant to the *English* Throne:

There-

Therefore good People since for cause well known,
England's sharp Sword a second time is drawn,
 'Tis dangerous now to dote upon your Coin,
 Your Love of Wealth may baulk the great Design,
Millions are Sinews that exert the Sword,
 Therefore Supplies without regret afford,
 Bullet in War is grown a Modern Cheat,
 Silver, not Lead, must do the mighty feat,
 Money must bless our Arms, and our Success compleat.
 Therefore your Aid most willingly impart,
 And draw your Purstrings with a gen'rous Heart.
 What you're *Assess'd* with Chearful Spirits give,
 Good Will makes ev'ry thing the better thrive.

Besides, consider tho' the Tax runs high,
 Just at this Juncture for a large Supply,
 War cannot always last, 'twill one day cease,
 And if not end in Conquest 'twill in Peace,
 And Peace alone in ev'ry Goodman's fence,
 Is held a blessing worth a War's Expence.
 What Nigard then can at a War repine,
 Carr'd on with such a peacable Design;

Besides

Besides what *Albumazur* can foresee,
What the blest Issue of our Arms may be,
Who knows but we may force aspiring *France*,
To low'r the Prizes of her Cordial *Nants*,
And cause *French Claret* to become less dear,
In *Egnland* than our home-brew'd Ale and Beer;
For certain Ev'ry *Englishman* 'twould please,
To see our Quarrels end in such a Peace,
That would produce at last such Glorious days as these.

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Butler what we may force
What the bliss time of our Arms may be
Who knows but we may force signing Arms
To tower the Prices of her Cordial M
And cause Arms to become less dear
In a word than our home-bred Arms and Best
For certain Every Englishman would please
To see our Quarters and in such a Place
That would protect at last his life as well



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